

PECULIAR STATUS OF JOHN MCGRAW.

Insists He Is Not Manager of the
St. Louis Club, Yet Admits He
Will Fulfill Manager's Duties.

APPARENTLY REAL MANAGER.

While Louis Heilbroner Is de Jure
Manager, McGraw Assumes All
the Prerogatives Which Go
With That Position.

CLUB STANDING.

National League.	American League.
St. Louis..... 44	St. Louis..... 44
Pittsburgh..... 42	Pittsburgh..... 42
Philadelphia..... 40	Philadelphia..... 40
Chicago..... 38	Chicago..... 38
Boston..... 36	Boston..... 36
Cincinnati..... 34	Cincinnati..... 34
San Francisco..... 32	San Francisco..... 32
New York..... 30	New York..... 30

Yesterday's Games.

National League.	American League.
St. Louis..... 4-3	St. Louis..... 4-3
Pittsburgh..... 2-1	Pittsburgh..... 2-1
Philadelphia..... 1-0	Philadelphia..... 1-0
Chicago..... 1-0	Chicago..... 1-0
Boston..... 1-0	Boston..... 1-0
Cincinnati..... 1-0	Cincinnati..... 1-0
San Francisco..... 1-0	San Francisco..... 1-0
New York..... 1-0	New York..... 1-0

To-Day's Schedule.

National League.	American League.
St. Louis..... 1-2	St. Louis..... 1-2
Pittsburgh..... 1-2	Pittsburgh..... 1-2
Philadelphia..... 1-2	Philadelphia..... 1-2
Chicago..... 1-2	Chicago..... 1-2
Boston..... 1-2	Boston..... 1-2
Cincinnati..... 1-2	Cincinnati..... 1-2
San Francisco..... 1-2	San Francisco..... 1-2
New York..... 1-2	New York..... 1-2

On Sunday afternoon Mr. F. De Haas Robinson, president and chief officer of the St. Louis baseball team, positively and in most unmistakable terms declared that he was not the manager of the club. He was in the presence of his brother, M. S. Robinson, and his partner, E. A. Becker, that John J. McGraw had been asked to accept the position of manager of the St. Louis club, vice Tebeau, resigned, and that McGraw had consented to accept the position. Mr. Robinson also said that McGraw's duties as manager—not as captain, or anything else—would begin on Monday morning, August 20.

Mr. Robinson made these statements positively, unequivocally and without any qualification whatever. Yesterday McGraw spent much of his time denying what Mr. Robinson had said. Mr. Robinson said McGraw was manager. McGraw said that, notwithstanding what Mr. Robinson said, he is not the manager. It is a nice question of veracity between Messrs. McGraw and Robinson.

So far as can be judged by an outsider both are right and both are wrong. McGraw is manager. McGraw is not manager. McGraw says he is not manager; that he is the manager. Robinson says he is the manager. Robinson says he is not manager. McGraw is manager of the St. Louis team.

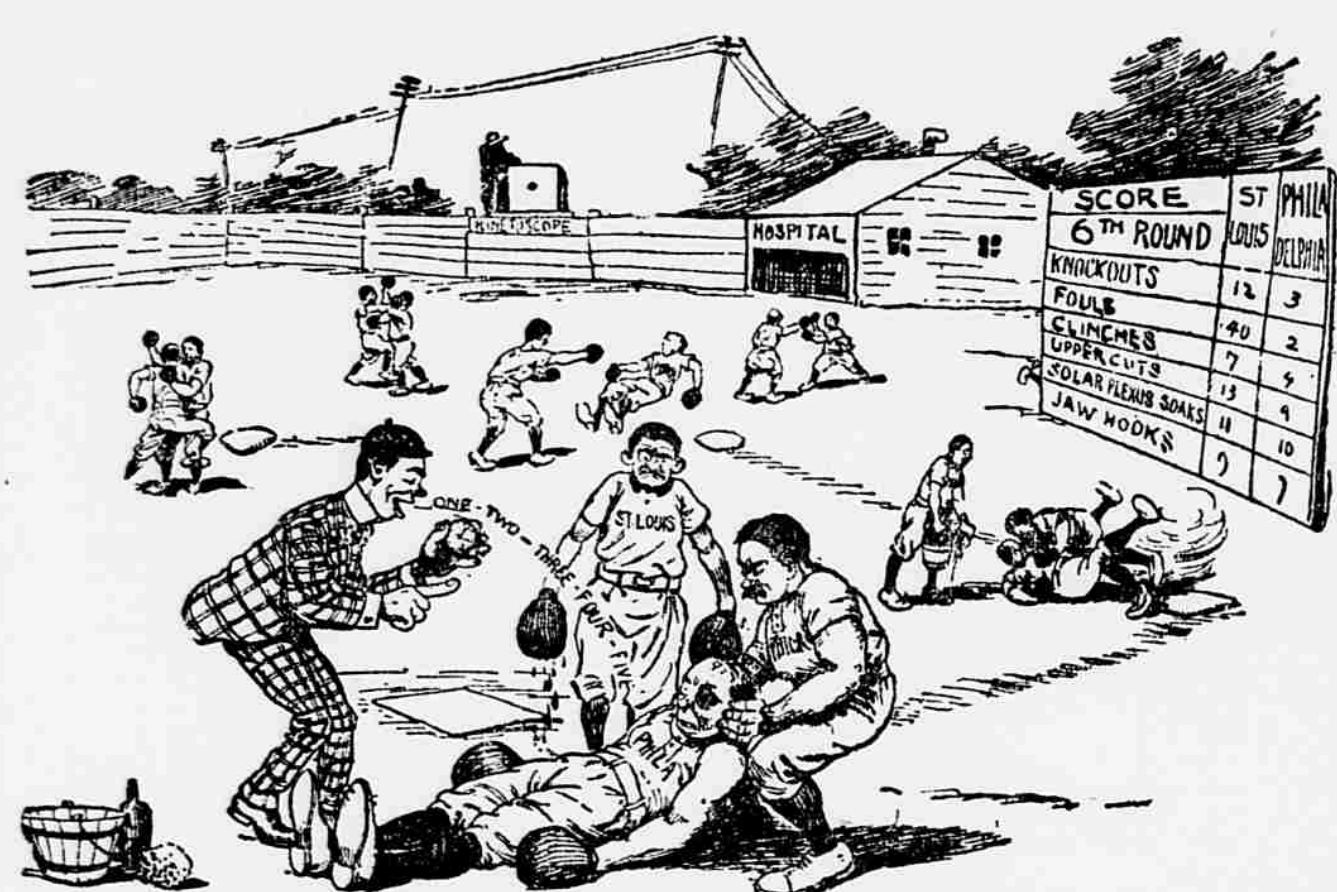
On the other hand, Mr. Louis Heilbroner holds the title of manager. He wears a white coat, a white waist, and will sit on the bench with the players. He will try to keep cool and hold his tongue tight, while McGraw runs the team. McGraw is the one who is the manager. McGraw is the one who is the manager. McGraw is the one who is the manager.

McGraw is evidently a bit leary of his job of trying to make a success of a new job, of converting a losing team into a winning one. Though the team is strong enough to win, McGraw is not sure of his ground. McGraw is not sure of his ground. McGraw is not sure of his ground.

Players Are Jealous of McGraw. As for McGraw, his big salary and his position as manager of the St. Louis club, a general favorite with the others. Ball players are like actors. When a lot of stars get into one company, they are sure to be jealous. McGraw is a star. McGraw is a star. McGraw is a star.

McGraw's success with Baltimore last year was due to a team of players, to the fact that he had a team of players, to the fact that he had a team of players.

DECEPTIVE SHOTS SLAUGHTERED. Young, Hughes and Breitenstein. Young, Hughes and Breitenstein. Young, Hughes and Breitenstein.



THE GENTLE GAME OF BASEBALL AS PLAYED IN ST. LOUIS.
—Philadelphia North American.

to their run column. Attendance, 700. Score: St. Louis..... 4-3 Pittsburgh..... 2-1 Philadelphia..... 1-0 Chicago..... 1-0 Boston..... 1-0 Cincinnati..... 1-0 San Francisco..... 1-0 New York..... 1-0

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CHINESE CRUISER HELPED AMERICANS.

First Man-of-War to Offer Assistance to the Wrecked Oregon.

HOW THE SHIP WAS FLOATED.

Interesting Description of the Battleship's Mishap—Stuck Twice on the Rocks—Was Badly Cripped.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. Full River, Mass., Aug. 20.—Mrs. T. D. Wood of this city has just received a letter from her son, Clarence Wood, Warrent Officer of the United States battleship Oregon, describing his experiences aboard the warship at the time of her running on a rock in Chinese waters. The letter is dated Gulf of Pei-Chi-Lai, July 6, and says:

"The Oregon has been on the rocks, but is now safely off again, although in a badly damaged condition. We had a very nice run up from Hong-Kong until we reached the Yellow Sea, where we encountered bad weather. On the 28th, while passing through a dangerous spot, we ran hard and fast on a rock, going nearly full speed. The rock rose to a rent in the bottom port side fully twenty-five feet long and about three feet wide. Of course, all the water-tight doors were closed immediately, as is usual in such cases. Very few held water, and in a short time nearly every compartment forward of the bow was flooded. The ship immediately settled hard on the rock and in an hour had a very dangerous list to starboard. All our pumps were immediately put to work on the flooded compartments, but they could make no headway. We had eight pumps working, but the water was too much for them. The ship was listing so badly that we were unable to abandon ship, and everybody was supplied with a life belt. The weather, however, was very good and next day a little one-horse wrecking company, which happened to be in the vicinity, came to our assistance and we began to cheer up."

The wrecking company brought a diver with them, who watched up the holes as well as possible, and soon the greater part of the water was pumped out. Then came several fruitless trials with the aid of two small boats, but at each high tide the ship twisted around with the tide, which is very strong here, and drifted off without help. Our day was short-lived, however, as no sooner had we gotten under way to go out clear than we ran smash onto the same rocks again, this time harder than before. The ship was listing so badly that we were unable to abandon ship, and everybody was supplied with a life belt. The weather, however, was very good and next day a little one-horse wrecking company, which happened to be in the vicinity, came to our assistance and we began to cheer up."

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MISS MAY FOSBURG SLAIN BY BURGLAR.

Granddaughter of James Stewart,
St. Louis Contractor, Mur-
dered at Pittsfield, Mass.

WENT TO AID HER FATHER.

Masked Trio Had Floored Mr. Fos-
burg and His Son—The Bullet
Pierced Her Heart—She
Once Lived Here.

Miss May L. Fosburg, 24 years old, a granddaughter of James Stewart, the contractor, of No. 300 West Belle place, St. Louis, was shot and instantly killed early yesterday morning at the summer home of her father, R. L. Fosburg, at Pittsfield, Mass., by one of three masked burglars.

Mr. Fosburg and his son, F. S. Fosburg, were assaulted by the murderous trio at the same time and both were rendered unconscious.

Mrs. Fosburg, the wife and mother, left St. Louis about a week ago, after spending several months with her father, Mr. Stewart, and other members of his family accompanied her, going for a vacation at St. Clair, Mich.

Miss Fosburg lived here until three years ago. Recently her permanent home has been in Buffalo, N. Y., where her father is a prominent contractor.

A. M. Stewart and Mrs. J. C. Stewart of this city, uncle of Miss Fosburg, received a dispatch yesterday telling of the murder. They notified Mrs. Fosburg of the fact, and started at once for Pittsfield. They will join their sister, Mrs. Fosburg, in New York.

A special dispatch to the Republic last night gives the following account of the crime:

"Miss May L. Fosburg, beautiful, accomplished and courteous, was shot and instantly killed by a burglar in her father's house early this morning.

"Three masked men broke into R. L. Fosburg's home in Pittsfield, before 2 a. m. The desperate thieves knocked Mr. Fosburg and his son, F. S. Fosburg, insensible.

"Miss Fosburg, who was sleeping in an upper story, was awakened by the struggle and hurried downstairs, followed by her brother, James, a student in Yale's scientific school.

"The girl led the way into her father's bedroom, one of the three burglars pointed his pistol at her heart and pulled the trigger. His aim was true. She fell in her brother's arms, crying 'Oh, father!'

"The three masked men got into his house by climbing to the top of a veranda and opening the window of a vacant room. The first shot fired in the affray awoke the commonly quiet neighborhood about Page and Grand avenues into a fever of excitement. A large crowd gathered in front of the two houses where the shooting had taken place, but, excepting the arrest of Kemp by Private Watchman W. J. McFarlane, about fifteen minutes after the shooting, there was little unusual to satisfy their curiosity.

"Accounts of the affair differ as to who fired the first shot. Both principals deny the accusation, and Mrs. Morse was the only other witness of the affray near enough to see definitely. She was much confused last night, but said that Kemp had begun to climb down the veranda when she saw the first shot fired. Then, as Mrs. Morse was seen at his home as his house was being searched by Detectives R. A. Vaughn of No. 300 Page avenue and J. A. Calhoun of Grand and Easton avenues, she said that Kemp was on the porch opposite. A conversation was begun between the men, which finally drifted to labor questions. Both expressed union sentiments, but in Mrs. Morse's estimation, Kemp's expressions about union men riding on cars and about the fact that the unions were not to be a union sympathizer.

"Finally," continued Kemp, "I couldn't listen to any longer. Kemp continued to listen to the conversation, but he said that Kemp was on the porch opposite. A conversation was begun between the men, which finally drifted to labor questions. Both expressed union sentiments, but in Mrs. Morse's estimation, Kemp's expressions about union men riding on cars and about the fact that the unions were not to be a union sympathizer.

"When he came back he was more aggressive and I started for an officer. But then he changed his mind and went in his house and armed himself. He threatened violence. I came and stood in the doorway of my porch. Kemp again became abusive and he drew his pistol and fired one. He hit me and started to run up the steps into his room, but I followed him. I followed him; then I came weak and knew little more till the doctors arrived."

"The trial of Lieutenant Cordua, of the State Artillery, charged with being concerned in the plot to kidnap Lord Roberts, was resumed yesterday. The Public Prosecutor addressed the court in a moderate speech, conceding that the prisoner was earnest in what he did and that there was no evidence before the court that he originated the plot. The court adjourned until tomorrow, when the Judge Advocate will sum up the evidence.

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Our Last Years' Patients Testify

They were completely relieved last year and this year they have had no trace of only slight attack immediately dispelled by "ORANGEINE." Much testimony reaches us like the following from Mr. R. C. Brandon of Lord & Thomas, Chicago.

"For fifteen years I have been suffering from Hay Fever and even then suffered intensely. Last year I was perfectly relieved by Orangeine and this year I have been kept entirely free by two or three powders daily and an enema of the best health I ever had."

Full information gladly given in answer to inquiries—Orangeine is sold in 25c and 50c packages by druggists or by mail.

ORANGEINE CHEMICAL COMPANY, 15 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

FOUGHT DUEL ON FRONT PORCHES.

Wallace A. Morse Perhaps Fatally
Shot by William H. Kemp at
Home in Page Avenue.

QUARRELED OVER UNION FINES.

Both Men Armed Themselves and
the Battle Began—Statements
Differ as to Who Was
the Aggressor.

Wallace A. Morse of No. 262 Page avenue was shot through the left breast and perhaps fatally wounded by William H. Kemp of No. 267 Page avenue, last night about 9 o'clock.

The men had become involved in a dispute about labor unions, had waxed angry, and had retired to their homes and armed themselves with pistols. When the shooting occurred they were standing within a few feet of each other on the porches of their respective homes.

The first shot fired in the affray awoke the commonly quiet neighborhood about Page and Grand avenues into a fever of excitement. A large crowd gathered in front of the two houses where the shooting had taken place, but, excepting the arrest of Kemp by Private Watchman W. J. McFarlane, about fifteen minutes after the shooting, there was little unusual to satisfy their curiosity.

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